THE LIBRARY
ST. CHARLES SEMINARY
CARTHAGENA, OHIO

The Commonweal

August 29, 1947

Too Late in Europe

The Trappists Go to Utah

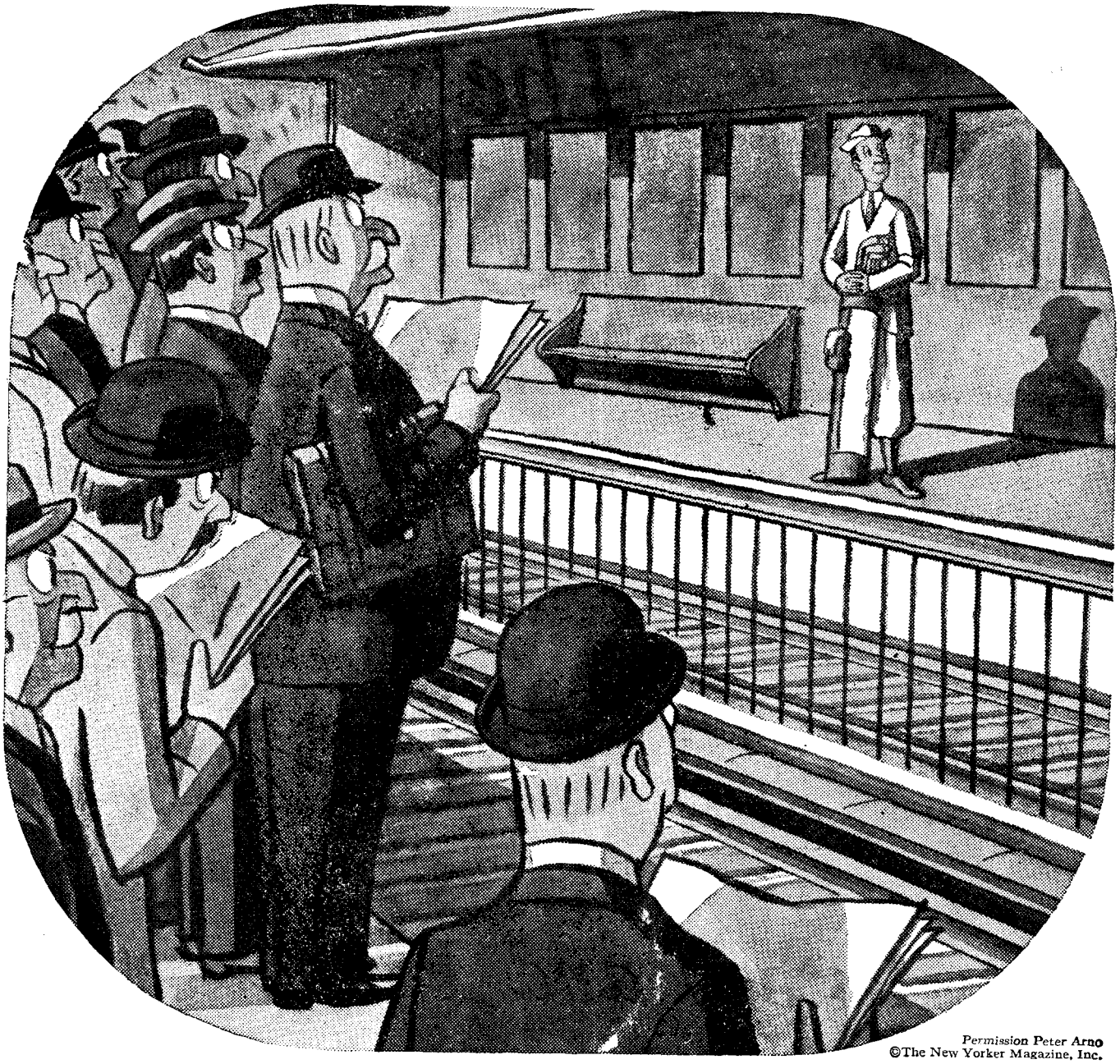
History and Prophecy

Home on the Range

Auden's Alliterative Anxiety

VOLUME XLVI 15c NUMBER 20

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Permission Peter Arno
©The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

PUZZLE:

Station Scene, 1957. Find the man who is getting a steady income from U.S. Savings Bonds. He was smart enough to start buying, back in 1947.

Of all the ways of saving up a tidy sum of money, one of the *easiest* and *safest* ways is to invest your money in U. S. Bonds.

You can buy Bonds either through the Payroll Savings Plan at your place of business—or if the Payroll Plan is not available to you, but you *do* have a checking account, through the Bond-a-Month Plan at your local bank.

Both ways repay you $4 for every $3 you save, by the time your Bonds mature. Choose the sum you can afford from the chart on the right. Start saving today!

Save each week	AND YOU WILL HAVE		
	In 1 Year	In 5 Years	In 10 Years
$2.50	$130.00	$668.97	$1,440.84
3.75	195.00	1,004.20	2,163.45
7.50	390.00	2,009.02	4,329.02
12.50	650.00	3,348.95	7,217.20
18.75	975.00	5,024.24	10,828.74

Save the easy, automatic way ... with U.S. Savings Bonds

Contributed by this magazine
in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLVI August 29, 1947 NUMBER 20

THE WEEK 467
THE TRAPPISTS GO TO UTAH Thomas Merton 470
HISTORY AND PROPHECY Etienne Gilson 473
THE STAGE Kappo Phelan 475
THE SCREEN Philip T. Hartung 476
HOME ON THE RANGE Virgilia Peterson 477
MIRA, A STORY John F. Seyer 478
BOOKS OF THE WEEK
William Allen White's America—The Pharisees and other Essays—Revolution before Breakfast—The Age of Anxiety

THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman. Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in 1924 with Michael Williams as President and Editor.*
Published weekly and copyrighted 1947 in the U.S.A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second class matter February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. U.S. and Canada $6 a year, Foreign $7. Single copies 15c.

EDWARD S. SKILLIN, *Editor*
C. G. PAULDING, *Managing Editor*
JOHN BRODERICK, *Assistant Managing Editor*
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *National Affairs*
Associate Editors
John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Gregory Smith
Kappo Phelan, *Theater* Philip T. Hartung, *Cinema*
Corresponding Editor
Philip Burnham
Advertising Manager
John Brubaker

The Return of The Customs Union

THE MARSHALL PLAN seems to have made the rounds and to have come back home, in spite of Secretary Marshall's statements about not wanting to see his little suggestion again until it had been exposed to the benefits of travel and development in Europe. The Plan has had the travel all right, but it begins to look as though its development—both intellectual and financial—is to be furnished from here, after all. For once, the Euopeans can quite accurately claim that they are willing enough to develop an excellent American suggestion into a full-grown plan, but that we did not give them the chance to do it. The fact is—they might add—they did not send the Marshall Plan back; we went after it.

The information is embarrassing; but we might just as well admit that it is so, and that recent reports on how the Plan is coming along underline the apparent impossibility of maintaining our hope that the Marshall Plan could be developed on a diet of unadulterated European thought and energy, while we were looking fixedly in the other direction.

Right now, the Marshall Plan is back to a discussion of the possibility of a European customs union. A short time after Secretary Marshall made his speech at Harvard, a number of people, both here and in Europe, began to talk vaguely about a customs union. For some reason, though —probably because of conflicting estimates on how well Benelux (the Belgium-Netherlands-Luxembourg customs union) is getting on—the general enthusiasm for the idea seemed to drop out of the Marshall Plan discussions. It is interesting to note how, and under whose influence, the notion has been revived.

The new interest in the necessity for a European customs union can be traced to hints coming from the United States. If the Soviets are not too busy with other vilification projects, they are in a position to make a great deal out of that fact, because, according to the people who have been speaking for the United States on the subject of European economic reconstruction, we are supposed to have been spending this summer just waiting around to see what the European nations would have to offer in the fall. It will be difficult for us to explain exactly what happened to that fiction, but there is another side to this unexpected instance of American reappearance in the Marshall Plan that is much more important than any temporary propaganda loss.

The Europeans have returned to their former allegiance to economic rehabilitation by way of a customs union because, as they see it—or have been told to see it—plans for a customs union will provide a dramatic tone to the expense account which they expect to have ready for the American public sometime next month. The stratagem is reasonable and not particularly nefarious. But the American reasons for urging a customs union on our indebted friends does not appear to be quite so innocent.

Somehow, a number of Americans who, as far as members of the sixteen-nation committee now working on the Marshall Plan are able to make out, represent official opinion in this country, have passed the word along that the United States government will insist on a customs union, and for this reason: because, in the opinion of these gentlemen, a general lowering of European tariff barriers is, according to a summary of this amazing opinion recently published in the New York *Times,* "one tried and tested way of 'integrating' the economy of a large and diverse area is to let the most efficient producers expand and force the less efficient ones to contract or to convert to other activities." (The quotation marks around the word 'integrating' are the inspired work of the journalist who wrote the story.)

So far, the Europeans have had very little to say about this delightfully primitive idea of what a customs union should be. They cannot deny that the notion is dramatic—if it is only drama they are looking for. It must have occurred to them, however, that if they accept this interpreta-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of how to integrate an economy, it will lead to a Marshall Plan with an American NAM in-line engine. Since the risk is going to be largely theirs, they might reasonably ask for a little time to think this latest suggestion over.

The "Bookies"

EVERY once in a while we feel even more than usually cut off from the world. There is of course the poetic, and deeply spiritual sense of man's loneliness, but it is not that which bothers us today. Nor is it that we are more aware than usual of the fact that governments govern without our having much to do with their procedure, or with the wars to which their procedure leads. What troubles us is a simple matter. The Mayor, the Police Commissioner, the Police Force of the city in which we live—it happens periodically in all other American cities—are suddenly engaged in greatly excited pursuit of the "bookies."

What perplexes us is that through all the years of our life in the city, walking the streets, sitting in the parks, riding ferry-boats, going up and down town in the subways, we have always consoled ourselves—when we found the city too hot, too crowded or too cold—with the Walt Whitman idea of easy companionship. We have always felt part of the city, and when we did not feel up to Whitman there was O. Henry. We thought we knew the city. What troubles us now is that we have never seen a "bookie."

Comedy and Courage

CONGRESSMEN must feel that it is entirely impossible to compete with the recent Hughes Investigation Circus for fun and floodlights, and we shall be grateful to them if they do not make even the slightest attempt to do so. But, sometimes, something happens all by itself, without anyone deliberately playing for laughs. This week the Congressmen went all the way out to Los Angeles, but they got a break. In that city, Mr. Padway, general counsel for the American Federation of Labor appeared before the House Education and Labor subcommittee during a Congressional hearing on the AFL jurisdictional strike in Hollywood film studios. Mr. McCann, counsel for this subcommittee, was seated just in front of Mr. Padway. There was an argument useless to summarize. Suddenly Mr. McCann turned, took Mr. Padway by the throat, forced him backward until he fell off his chair on to the floor. Mr. Padway rose, dusted himself, and then made what is for us the remark of the week. He said: "It is only out of respect to you Mr. Chairman and the work you are engaged in that I do not call on counsel [Mr. McCann] to come outside. He'd be torn to pieces by the men I have the honor to represent."

Too Late

AFTER A WHILE some things get done somehow. The United States has canceled Italian debts amounting to about a billion dollars. That must mean something to the Italian people, although, of course, the Italian communists say that what it means is servitude. (What would it have meant if we had insisted on payment? Probably nothing, because the Italians could never have paid.)

Things get done, after a while, but it would be better if they could get done at the proper time. There is a time for saying the right word, but that is the time when you almost never feel like saying it. Mr. Lovett, Acting Secretary of State, says now, in 1947: "These understandings furthermore reflect the recognition given to the fact that the Italians themselves overthrew the Fascist Government, and beginning September 1943, your people joined the Allies as a co-belligerent against the Nazis."

I would have forgotten the date, but Mr. Lovett says that it was in 1943, and it was then, of course, that it would have been most useful to speak as now we are speaking in 1947. Before 1943, we were telling the Italians all the good things it would mean for them if they came over to our side, but when they listened to us—or to their hearts rather, and to despair—when they did what they could to get rid of Mussolini and the Germans, we called off all the broadcasts, the messages and the musical programs; we did not give them what we had promised them and so, after a while they were disappointed and lost interest.

It is a matter more of political expediency than of justice. No one expects very much justice or great generosity if he has been fighting on the wrong side—the inexpedient side, the side that loses. But when people are tired enough they believe things they would never believe in their right minds. The Italians probably believed that the Americans would help them out, if only they could get over the lines, if they could just manage to get out of the war. For the Italians, America had always been connected with the idea that their cousins were over there, that money came from over there and that even Italian failures who returned from America were more successful than Italians who had never gone there. The Italians who returned to Italy, ruined by the American depression, still told everyone who would listen all about the great city of Hoboken, the fabulously wonderful slums of Chicago, the fastuous lunch wagons along the American roads. It was very easy for the Italians to believe all the American promises.

To the Italian peasants New York is not more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remote than Rome. No help comes to them from anywhere, so they probably still believe in America. They are accustomed to disappointment. They do what they can for themselves and it is never enough. They carry dirt up from the malarial plains and lay it on the terraced, rocky surface of the hills. Then they carry water up from the stream in the valley—when it is not dry—the women carry the water; they place a ring of cloth on their head, they balance the amphora on their head; erect and patient, they climb the steep twisting path up the hill. They pour the water on what they have planted and sometimes it grows, but it is never enough. The children have scurvy and rickets (there is always the strong child who is healthy); for a few years they play, then they do not play any more because they learn that they are men and women while still they are children, and all they have to do is to look at their parents to know that there is not much time for playing.

The Italian peasants have never heard the new American proclamation that Europeans must work very hard in order to prove that American assistance to Europe will not be wasted. It would sound to them like what the Fascists said. They have always been asked to work, but when all the governments they have ever had asked them to work it only meant that they must work in order to pay taxes. The governments asked them to pay taxes. That was all it was ever about. So they have a peculiar attitude toward all governments, beginning with their own, and nothing the American government can do will ever increase their disillusion.

The peasants form the majority of the Italian population but they are not the people who govern Italy or who speak for Italy. They are not the people who took Italy into Abyssinia, or Spain, or into this war or into the last war. The only war they ever admired was that of their bandits against the government. (There is some danger now that they will mistake whatever communists, or fascists, or outlaws, who have taken to the Italian hills and forests, for contemporary bandits fighting against the government, oppressed by society. In which case the bandits will have the peasants' sympathy—which is all the peasants can give away.)

No one in Italy or out of Italy has ever worried about the peasants, and it does not matter now what the peasants think about America, or whether they were disappointed or not by whatever American promises were made during the war and not kept.

What can be said is that now these promises, in part, are beginning to be kept, but it is so late. We are beginning to deal with Italy—the minority that runs Italy—but it is not the same Italy with which we might have dealt when the war ended and there was an Italy ready to join us wholeheartedly for no other reward than to be allowed to hope. We are using the phrases about how the "Italians themselves overthrew the Fascist Government" so long after they did it that it must sound to them the way American references to Lafayette sound to the French. Moreover what we are doing now to help the Italian economy can be made very easily to look as if we were anxious only to help the present Italian government remain in power. It is very difficult to make it look as if we were thinking of the Italian people.

It is the same thing everywhere. We are becoming more active in Europe, and everywhere it is difficult to make it look to the Europeans as if our activity were greater now than before because our interest in the peoples of Europe is greater now than it was. It is easy to make it look as if we wanted to consolidate Europe against Russia. It is easy to make it look as if we wanted to discredit socialist governments in Europe, socialist experimentation, and as if we could not hear the voices of all the Europeans who are telling us that the name socialist does not matter but that social reform matters and comes first.

Everything is confused now, and all the words in all the languages do not mean what they meant at that extraordinary moment when the war was finished. It is the delay in doing the things that could have been done in that moment, which was of happiness for all peoples everywhere when the cease fire sounded, which has caused the trouble. If the internment camps for displaced persons had been opened immediately and asylum provided for all the homeless, if our war control offices had been kept at work so that the whole logistics system which had furnished the armies could have served the survivors of destruction, if every American battleship had sailed abroad loaded with food—our intent to help would have been clear, then, and would have remained undeniable and unquestioned. The understanding between America and Europe would have been made secure.

It is gravely endangered now and all the efforts we make, for whatever reason, are accepted or refused, but always after questioning and argument. It is too late now to talk to the Italian peasants or to any other peasants. We can talk only to the governments. In America, we meant the words we spoke, the promises we made, the understanding we offered, but, somehow, the government, the Congress, never got started implementing them—until it was too late. Finally, we forgot what we had said. Should we remember, we must know that words are useless now, because there is no one to hear them except the governments and the factions. The opportunity for speaking to Europe's heart is lost.

C. G. PAULDING.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Trappists Go to Utah

Thomas Merton

WHEN THE CITIZENS of St. Louis went to breakfast on the seventh of July, this year, they found strange headlines. In the middle of the usual floods and politics and acts of violence was an item that might almost have concerned ambassadors from Mars. It must have made many good people uneasy to read the startling words: *"Monks in locked car in Station Yards."* Pursuing the subject further, they discovered that the monks in question were the silent Trappists. (In secular newspapers Trappists always end up by being saddled with a "vow of silence.") The car had been there for some hours, and the monks were inside with the blinds down, and many curious people were on the outside in the hot sun, and one porter and three yard detectives were keeping the people on the outside from getting at the monks on the inside. Either that, or they were keeping the monks in the car from escaping. No one could be quite sure which. But in any case, the upshot of the whole affair was that the men inside that railway car were saying Mass.

That is more or less the way it is every time the Cistercians of the Strict Observance—which is their true name—get into the headlines. Newspapermen can never seem to figure them out, and with all their good will they invariably end up by printing something that makes the monks look like the most solemn idiots you ever imagined.

The truth about the men in that railway car is that they were very holy and very simple and very happy and very human men who were going calmly about a piece of work that had been assigned to them by obedience. Perhaps it may help a little to put some flesh and bones on the poor ghosts, and tell people what they were really doing.

There were thirty-five of them. Thirty-four were Trappist monks, brothers and novices from Gethsemani, Kentucky. The thirty-fifth was their Reverend Father Abbot, Dom Mary Frederic Dunne—the first native-born American who managed to survive the austerity of Cistercian life at Gethsemani, where he entered in 1894. He was taking this group of men to Huntsville, Utah, to make Gethsemani's second foundation in three years.

There is a story in that, too. In recent years, especially since the war, the growth of this ancient abbey (which celebrates its centenary next year) has been phenomenal. It is nothing unusual to see ex-service men lining up four and five at a time in the chapter room to exchange an "old man" of khaki for the white cloak of a choir novice or the brown cape of a brother. There has hardly been anywhere for them to sleep. Cubicles have been fixed up for them in every odd corner—and still they keep coming. Two world wars have taught America something about the value of asceticism, prayer, penance: and grace has given the young men of our nation something of a thirst for the knowledge of God that is to be had only by those who love Him and give themselves to Him alone.

Of the thirty-four Utah colonists, more than half were Trappists of less than six years' standing, many of these being war-veterans. Consequently it was a young and enthusiastic group that crowded that railway car, kneeling in the aisles while one monk held the *mensa* of a portable altar resting on two seats, and another held the chalice steady, and others took turns to offer the Sacrifice of Christ's Body and Blood in the yards of St. Louis's Union Station.

Every moment of the three days' journey was assigned, as far as possible, to some function prescribed in the Cistercian Usages. The monks recited the Canonical Office and the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. They made their meditations and read the books they had brought with them. (One of their favorites, these days, is "The Spiritual Doctrine of Elizabeth of the Trinity.") They held their daily chapter with martyrology and all, even the Father Abbot's explanation of the Rule. The only thing omitted was the chapter of faults. The monks got up later than usual, remaining in their berths until four-thirty a.m.—but the reason for this was that they went to bed later at night. No sleeping was allowed outside the regular time, and the rule of silence was kept strictly as usual.

Of course, Cistercian silence is conditional. The Superior can always give permission to speak. But permission is not given at random, even on a train journey. At one point in the trip several of the monks were gathered around their Father Abbot, who had a map of the country they were going through, and they were discussing the landscape. One of the priests—a voluble little man from whom the rule of silence demands considerable self-control—was trying to inveigle permission to tell a funny story. He was consistently rebuffed. Finally he said meekly, but insistently:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Reverend Father, may I say something that has practical value?"

"Yes," said his Abbot, "go away and say three Our Fathers."

The newspaper statement that the Cistercian monks traveled three-quarters of the way across the continent "unseen and unseeing" with the blinds down all the way to Utah was too picturesque to be true. Trappists are, among other things, farmers. And they took a considerable interest in the corn that was growing in Missouri and the wheat that was being harvested in Kansas. But they are, above all, contemplatives: and the Rocky Mountains are nothing to be despised! They have something very eloquent to say about the God Whose power they reflect: and if Trappists did not have an ear to catch that message—who would there be to hear it?

The site of the new monastery is one of the most perfect settings for the contemplative life in the world. The monks have purchased a 1,640-acre ranch at the head of the Ogden Valley, and eighteen miles east of Ogden. It is reached by road through a long canyon carved out of the rock by the Ogden river. At some two thousand feet above Ogden itself, the valley broadens out and the Cistercians have settled in a mile-wide bowl among hills covered with sage-brush and ringed by high mountains which are several miles further away.

★

When they arrived from Kentucky with its July heat and saw snow-covered Mount Ogden and Ben Lomond the monks began to realize that they had done some traveling! Of course, the summer sun can burn in Utah too, but it is a dry heat, and reports come in from the new monastery that work in the mountains is not unpleasant even when the temperature is high. Damp clothes dry out even before you change them. The contrast with Kentucky is striking. Here dry clothes get wet before you have had them on a minute.

The monks have settled in a wild, lonely spot. To the east of them is nothing but a wilderness without roads or farms. It is a paradise for hunters who, in the past, made the monks' ranch their base, and worked eastward from there. Deer come down to drink at one of the two plentiful springs on the Trappists' ranch, and about the only sound you hear in the valley is the howling of coyotes on the mountain side. At least, that was all you heard until the Cistercians set up their bell and began to ring it for Office and Mass.

It is something new indeed for the Rocky Mountains to hear a chapel bell call monks to choir in two o'clock in the morning, and later ring the consecration of a conventual Mass. And it was not without a certain exultation that the Cistercians bowed to the floor as the Body of Christ was raised above the altar for the first time in that lonely valley! For thousands of years those silent, arid rocks, magnificent in their stark beauty, have nevertheless been waiting for the coming of someone like these Trappists to make them complete. Contemplatives are chosen by God to be the voice of His whole creation, praising him and adoring Him for the inanimate and brute beings that cannot praise him, as well as for those who have reason but will not adore Him, or cannot find the time.

However, it must not be imagined that the Cistercians came to their new home and fell on their knees and remained in prayer for the rest of the week. When a monastery is founded things never seem to be that simple.

There were no dwellings on the property, but a contract had been made for six sections of war-service barracks that had been in use housing German and Italian prisoners during the war. These were to have been hauled to the ranch and set up and made ready in time for the arrival of the Trappists. Unfortunately, when they set foot on the soil of their new home in the early afternoon of July 10th the monks found only a part of the accommodations they had contracted for, and that part was cluttered with lumber and other materials. They cleared a way for themselves and Mass was said and they all broke their fast at about four in the afternoon, except for the Cellarer who was down in Ogden supervising the baggage that was still waiting to be picked up at the station. He came home at six p.m., hoping for Communion, but he had been forgotten in the confusion.

For the next few days the Trappists slept on the floor or on the predellas of altars in the barrack that was at once chapel, chapter room, refectory and dormitory, cloister, cellar, storeroom and workshop. The secular workmen who were supposed to be hauling the barracks to the site and helping the Trappists to get installed kept going off to do more lucrative jobs, and when the centenary of Brigham Young's arrival in Utah was celebrated barely two weeks after the Trappists came on the scene, the workmen made a long week end of it, but the monks were not sorry as they got a chance to have the Blessed Sacrament reserved during that time.

It was more than two weeks before everything was in order and it was possible to begin leading the regular life in its entirety, singing the office at the proper times and so on. But even now, and for many months and even years to come, manual labor will absorb much more of the monks' day than is usually prescribed.

There is a tremendous amount of work to be done before the new monastery of Our Lady of the Most Holy Trinity becomes a complete and self-sufficing Cistercian unit. The only thing the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

monks have is a ranch that grows plenty of hay and wheat. For the rest they must build an entire farm and monastery from the ground up. There is, above all, the problem of water. Utah is the land of "dry-farming" and irrigation. The best spring on the monks' land is plentiful indeed but it is a long distance from the good building sites and unless attempts to drill for a spring nearer at hand meet with success, the monks will be faced with the labor and expense of a mile-long pipeline. At present they walk the distance with milk cans every day. Several large reservoirs will have to be built, including tanks to catch and store the melting snow in spring. In Utah, every drop of water is worth money, and the monastery also possesses a handful of "water-right shares" which give it a claim on the organized and rationed supply.

The first question to be settled is that of a real home. The monks do not intend to spend the winter in their army huts if they can avoid it. A temporary monastery is already under construction. It will be made of metal "quonset huts," but will be one of the most elaborate "quonset" structures that has ever been attempted. It will contain everything that belongs to a Cistercian monastery, including Church and cloister and all the "regular" places as well as a guest house for visitors and retreatants. The two-story quadrangular building, centered upon a cloister garth or *préau,* will be spacious and solid since the monks may have to call it their home for twenty or twenty-five years to come.

A site for a permanent monastery has been tentatively chosen on a hilltop which commands a vast view of the valley and the mountains. Just as important as the temporary monastery will be the erection of barns and farm buildings and the formation of a herd of dairy cattle which will be the monastery's chief source of income. The monks will soon be manufacturing their famous "Port du Salut" cheese, although it is getting near the season of fasting, in which milk and cheese cease to play an important part in the monks' diet. Then there will have to be a garden and orchard, although it is improbable that they will attempt a vineyard. The land itself is extremely rich and promising. Digging the foundations of the temporary monastery they often went through ten or twelve feet of top-soil. A little irrigation will give them splendid crops of potatoes, beets, celery and all the staples of the Cistercian vegetarian diet.

The long Utah winters will present a problem; since there will be no trees to fell and no wood to chop the monks will have to find some indoor work to keep them busy when the snow lies deep on their valley. And it does lie deep, there, too. Last winter there were some two hundred inches of it, and beyond the hills, where there was twice that much, a skiing championship was held.

The Trappists have had a little difficulty in getting acclimatised. The journey and the revolution in their régime upset many stomachs and one of the Fathers had to go to the Benedictine nuns' hospital in Ogden with ulcers, which chose this inappropriate time to declare their presence. Many of the others kept getting violent nosebleeds for the first few days, until they got used to the high altitude.

To compensate for these little trials they have had many consolations, the best of which was the ardent enthusiasm with which they were received not only by the Catholics—who are very much of a minority in Utah—but by non-Catholics as well. Bishop Duane Hunt of Salt Lake City worked hard to persuade Dom Frederic Dunne to make a foundation so far from home and under such numerous handicaps. The coming of the Cistercians is an answer to many fervent pleas and prayers, and consequently the Utah Catholics are delighted to see them. In fact, the Bishop spent the day at the monastery soon after the monks were installed and told them that they were his "only hope." His diocese is one of the largest in the United States and yet it barely occupies two pages in the Catholic Directory. Only half a dozen religious congregations and Orders are represented there by a mission or two and one or two schools and hospitals. Nevertheless the Church is gradually growing in Utah, which is seventy-five percent Mormon and in which all the Protestant sects have lost ground consistently since their establishment.

★

How do the Mormons themselves feel about the Trappists? Individuals have proved themselves very courteous and friendly and no doubt the Cistercians will win the sincere admiration of many in Utah as they have everywhere else. However it is not likely that the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints will come out with an official public pronouncement welcoming the Trappists with open arms. Incidentally, when the monks packed up their personal belongings for the trip they seem to have found nothing available except cardboard boxes and containers which had previously served to ship whisky and which were obtained from neighboring stores in Kentucky. If the Mormons were paying close attention to the monks as they detrained in Ogden, they must have been very scandalized to see so many boxes labelled "Schenley's" and "Green River." Drinking liquor and coffee are two of the capital sins of Mormonism. However, when they find out that the monks do neither, the Latter Day Saints may feel a slight glow of official sympathy.

On the whole, the prospects of the new Cister-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cian foundation are very bright. They have a difficult task to perform, but everything is in their favor: and above all, they have an admirably chosen site.

Thanks to the untiring efforts of the late Monsignor Wilfrid J. Giroux of Ogden they secured what one of their friends described as the "best ranch in Utah." Monsignor Patrick Kennedy who has taken Monsignor Giroux's place in Ogden has also stepped into his rôle of the monks' best friend and has been joined by many others, both Catholic and non-Catholic, who have gone out of their way to surmise and cater to the Cistercians' every need.

★

One thing, however, must be clear. The work which the monks have come to do in Utah is above all the work of contemplation. What will no doubt have the most forcible immediate effect on their neighbors will be their "agricultural apostolate," their transformation of an arid valley into an Eden of orchards and gardens. But this is only secondary. The Cistercian vocation is the work that excels all other works and that is performed in silence, in the depths of the soul. They have an apostolate, it is true, but it is an apostolate not of action but of union with God. Their apostolate is to fill themselves from the source of living waters, that grace may flow, through them, into the whole church, and any rival enterprise that clouds the purity of heart on which this vocation depends, tends necessarily to diminish the efficacy of the monks' work in the Church. Their main concern must therefore always be to empty themselves of solicitude for created things in order to be filled with the obscure light and the dark fire of the Divinity of the Word, drawing them into Himself and uniting them to the Father by the bond of the Holy Spirit. This purity of heart which constitutes the monk's gift of himself to the action of God's love is the most powerful of means for bringing grace down upon the world.

This second Cistercian foundation in three years will soon be followed by the first establishment of Trappistine nuns in the United States. The site has already been selected in the Archdiocese of Boston and forty-nine applications have already been received. All these facts come together to point to the final perfecting and maturing of the Church in America. Without a full representation of the contemplative Orders, we cannot yet say, with complete confidence, that we have come of age. There are still one or two gaps, and perhaps the time has come when these too will be filled. Not the least significant date in the history of American Catholicism would be the foundation of a first American Charterhouse. Will the Carthusians come to our mountains and forests soon. The land is full of grand solitudes that await the semi-eremitical Orders. Whether they come to fill up the measure of the perfect age of Christ in us depends largely on our own bishops. We hope it will be soon.

History and Prophecy

ETIENNE GILSON

THE FRENCH "collaboration with the enemy" trials would be of local interest only were it not that some of them, that recently of the writer Benoit-Méchin, for instance, presented problems that apply to other times and countries. It is true that the French people show that they are tiring of these trials and perplexed by them. When first they started, everything seemed simple. Most Frenchmen had no hesitation in considering all "collaborators" as common traitors, not only in fact, but in intention; a moral perverseness had tempted them to hand France over to the enemy—they had tried to do so. But now, instructed by the drab sequence of so many similar trials, the public hesitates—as though it had made a tardy discovery that, in many cases, the sincerity of the men accused of treason cannot reasonably be doubted. And so, now, it is not so easy to know what to think. . . . For, once you admit that these men were sincere, it follows that the attitude they took was more a mistake than a crime. From here, to finding excuses for them—almost to the point of absolving them of all guilt—is a short step which a certain number of people no longer hesitate to take.

These perturbed consciences might re-read with profit to themselves *"La Campagne Avec Thucydide,"* one of the late Albert Thibaudet's most stimulating books. It is a book that is not, and will not become, "dated." Composed of fragments, put on paper by a soldier of the 1914 war in his spare moments, then revised, completed and published in the first issues of the *Revue de Genève,* in 1920, and later in book form in Paris, in 1922, it contains certain reflections on the classical case of the treachery of Alcibiades which remain surprisingly current.

In itself the case of Alcibiades is clear. Going over to the side of the Lacedemonians because he hated democracy, this Athenian, who grasped power even out of the ruin of his country, was indisputably guilty of treason. Thibaudet makes no excuses for him but, in looking for the possible reasons for his act, he recalls the case— still close to him when he was writing—of Joseph Caillaux, whom Clemenceau sent before the High Court for committing the same crime. Actually, Caillaux had not committed it, but all those in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

France who counted on German victory in order to satisfy their political ambitions or hatreds already counted on Caillaux to be their leader when the time came. It was not even necessary, for those who turned to Caillaux, to hope for defeat, they had only to predict that defeat was inevitable—this expectation of defeat was often no more than a concealed manner of hoping for it. The man they chose to act as receiver for a France bankrupt in defeat, the man Caillaux, from then on, appeared to Clemenceau as a vitual traitor—who could be brought to account for a treachery which he had not yet committed, but which he was preparing already in his heart to commit, and which only the fact that Germany in the end was defeated prevented him from carrying into execution.

It is remarkable that Thibaudet, as early as 1922, comparing the Caillaux case to that of Alcibiades—he saw in both cases the pattern of a political temptation inevitably linked to the functioning of democracies in wartime—should have risen to a concluding statement which remains valid for all democracies. It is worthwhile to reread that statement phrase by phrase, word by word: "In these two cases it is not any casual similarities that we observe. In the course of all great wars, we see, in any country divided against itself and harrowed by political hatreds, that national and factional interests come face to face in open conflict. The man of extreme ambition, the self-seeking leader, the party leader, is constantly tempted to place his party's victory ahead of his country's victory, or he is exposed to the more subtle temptation: that of saving from the ruin of his country at least the interests of his party—this defeat of his country which first he considers as possible, then counts on as probable, then desires as advantageous."

How rightly said, but what is even more admirable is that the historian becomes a prophet through the simple generalization of his conclusion. The political law which Thibaudet proposed in 1922, founding his theory on two or three observed cases, has been verified countless times during the course of the last war. Possibly the new cases are even clearer than the older ones, for, if recently we have seen, as we saw during the war of 1914-1918, the same ambitious and self-seeking men grabbing personal success out of their country's ruin, we have seen also that all of the more important men who failed their country's cause did so less for reasons of personal ambition than through impassioned devotion to ideologies which are far too abstract to be mistaken for mere political or party programs.

In this connection, the case of a Charles Maurras is clear enough to be conclusive. He did not want a German victory, but for many years he had been predicting that France must inevitably come to final and irrevocable defeat unless the nation returned to monarchy. The thesis was bitterly disproved when the Allies won the war in 1918; but it seemed to him even more bitterly confirmed when, in 1940, an apparently final defeat of France took place. Like so many other adversaries of democracy, Maurras was crushed by his own triumph. As all the others to whom the French Republic appeared as no more than a caricature of the true France, he greeted France's disaster with the bitter satisfaction of the scientist witnessing an experiment which irrefutably confirms his theory. Since all happened exactly as he had predicted, he would have needed superhuman wisdom to avoid concluding that he had always been right.

There is no doubt that Maurras and his followers were sincere; they were sincere even in their desire to make use of the defeat in order to free their country from a régime they hated. Yet, before this defeat could be used for their purposes, it had to be real, final and irrevocably accepted. Therein lay the guilt of the action these men took—which was a sort of secret complicity with disaster. They consented easily to disaster because it flattered their hopes of finally being able to remodel their country according to their own ideas of what it was, ideas which were dearer to them than the country itself. In no other way is it possible to explain the bitter pleasure they found in wallowing in the defeat of 1940—they acted as if the greatest crime a Frenchman at that time could commit was to persist obstinately in still believing in possible Allied victory.

For them, of course, everything was at stake. But everything was at stake for us too, for their hatred of democracy was strong enough to lead them to accept as definite the defeat of all democratic nations, their own included. It is because of this that their error, no matter how sincere they were, is not excused by that sincerity and remains criminal. It is for serene justice alone to determine their punishment, but if public opinion at first was too simply against these men, it would be unwise for public opinion now to absolve them of guilt. The surer one is that what we are dealing with here is a constant law of history, the firmer must remain that moral judgment which is consequent to the law. It is this: he is a war criminal—in any country and in any time—who is led by his political passions into complicity with his country's defeat by accepting *prematurely* that it has taken place and is final.

Albert Thibaudet's "law" seems to us interesting and incomplete. Professor Gilson's conclusion that sincerity cannot prevent certain errors from being criminal would be acceptable if he made it clear that he means "politically" criminal, "politically" punishable, and not morally or ethically

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

criminal or punishable. When the French trials first started we formulated a "law" of our own which may be worth repeating. A nation faced with a set of alternatives produces men seriously and sincerely ready to meet any and all possibilities, possible defeat or possible victory, for the good of the nation. A nation, like the human body, produces defense mechanisms to parry each danger. In France those political leaders who sincerely believed that the future state of Europe would be under German domination (we are speaking only of those whom we assume to have been totally sincere) served French national interests in acting as they did. Such people had to exist, the nation had to produce them. Those who believed that Germany could be defeated served French national interests by their efforts to hasten that defeat. But those who expected defeat and acted accordingly, are guilty only of political error; they are the lost battalions of error and they are not contemptible. THE EDITORS.

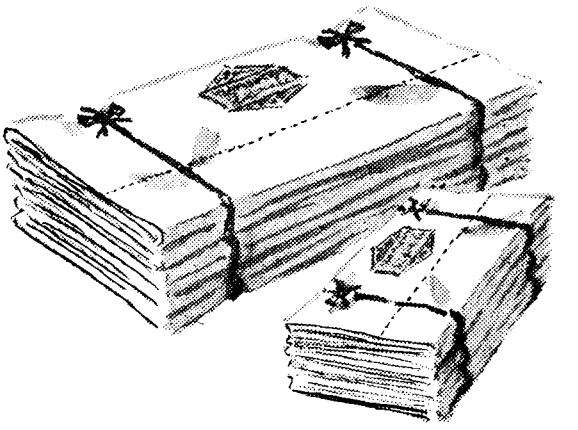
The Stage & Screen

On-Stage

A NUMBER of young intelligences plus a serious schedule and some interesting talent have been making money at the Cherry Lane Theater this stark summer. It is true the house (about the size of the old Provincetown) is midget in size; nevertheless to have consistently filled it with offerings ranging from Sartre to Edith Wharton reveals, I think, faith as well as brain, and it is nice to be able to accuse its present tenants—Bob Ramsey and Al Hurwitz—of both these qualities. Certainly not even the recent historical swelter seems to have diminished their returns: on the hottest night I have ever experienced in this city, one found oneself not merely attended, but rather jammed into, their infinitesimal unair-cooled scene.

With the Auden-Isherwood "Dog Beneath the Skin" the company presented an American première. The play—a kind of Brechtian mix-drix—was written in 1935 at a time when, I think it is fair to say, the authors were still securely locked in their rosy (parlor pink?) schoolboyhood. Not unexpectedly, its ideology depends upon a somewhat myopic iconoclasm: a process where no image is measured before it is smashed (bang! bang!) with rather more glee than aim. Nevertheless, the piece seemed to me surely reversibly, if not conclusively, moral. I have not seen horror more perfectly generated than in this Brothel scene, the Lunatic scene, particularly the Cabaret one. In the last, I would like especially to remark the director's—Alexis Solomis—and the players' exact seizure of the authors' design: "All that is mechanical, shallow, silly, hideous, and unbearably tragic . . ." That is what happened and was felt. On the other hand, neither technician nor interpreter could anyway substitute for the author's inexploration of their own metaphor. The "Dog"

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE MU. 9-7000



WAMSUTTA

SUPERCALE

SHEETS AND CASES

Snowy white, super-soft percale. Woven with over 200 threads to the square inch. Plain or hemstitched sheets and cases.

Sheets:	72x108 in., plain hem,	5.25
	hemstitched,	5.55
	81x108 in., plain hem,	5.95
	hemstitched,	6.25
	90x108 in., plain hem,	6.50
	hemstitched,	6.80
Cases:	42x38 1/2 in., plain hem,	1.35
	hemstitched,	1.50
	45x38 1/2 in., plain hem,	1.40
	hemstitched,	1.55

fourth floor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of their title is a Man, but they seem so unsure *why,* that they have printed him one way, allowed him to be theatrically dispensed in another way, and never solved him at all. When I have called their piece reversibly moral, this is to say that their conception of evil seems to me factual. But their conception of innocence is, alas, merely provocatively nominal; so that, in the end, there is really nothing for them to pin their, or our, angers to. Unless it should be to *action.* But this is a conclusion which surely all of us must reiterate as mechanical, shallow, silly, etc. etc. And, it is fair to state, a long ago, childish guess.

On the formal level, Auden's inter and choral verses seemed to me delighting. I do not find that he deals here in verbal wit, but rather in such metrical sureness that each emotion or thought seems always to draw the rhythm. All of the modern (heard) tempi are here—there isn't, I think, a pentameter in the lot—and I very much liked Mr. Solomis's handling of the narration with two voices, then one, then three, orchestrating the lines. A good bit of the playing leaned on a certain Teutonic grotesquerie which appeared to me quite external. It is probably a Wagnerian aftermath which seems to dictate that soul-sickness on the stage ought to be presented as freak rather than plain—with dwarfish, hobbled, allover grinning and epileptic gestures. Currently, I should say, this is a coals-to-Newcastle attack, and awfully damn foolish. In opposition, Remo Bufano's expectedly simple "Dog" mask was out-and-out right.

The company's next offering, another première, is to be George Kaiser's "Gas." I would, I think, travel to see it. (*Cherry Lane Theater*—Commerce Street.)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Know Thyself

CONSIDERING THAT so much fuss is being made these days about Hollywood's scramble for films with a tolerance theme ("Crossfire" is the best so far, but more are coming), it is interesting to see what the English have done with a similar subject. *"Frieda"* handles not the anti-Semitic problem, but a situation that is perhaps even more delicate: the introduction, during the war, of a German into an English community. What makes this picture particularly rewarding is that most of its characters are ordinary people like you and me and their prejudices are understandable. In "Crossfire" the Jew hater was such a vicious person that his crimes became a study in villainy, but in Frieda" we can appreciate why the family and villagers are taken aback when Robert comes home with a German wife. Frieda, a nurse in Germany, helped Robert to escape after he spent several years in prison. They were hastily married by a Protestant minister so that Robert could get Frieda into England. Although the war was drawing to a close, it was still raging in 1945 and naturally the English resented this enemy in their midst. Frieda refuses to consider herself an enemy and feels keenly that she is not accepted on the strength of her good will and because she saved Robert's life. There is another angle to her problem, however; her marriage was never consummated; Frieda is a Catholic, and although Robert arranges for a wedding at the local Catholic church, she keeps postponing the date. Robert's family is much more understanding of Frieda's religious beliefs than of her being German. The situations that arise and their solution are fascinating to watch. Michael Balcon has given this screen play by Ronald Miller and Angus MacPhailand an excellent production; and director Basil Dearden reveals the plot and argument in true cinema. His cast respond beautifully to the requirements of the difficult theme, particularly Glynis Johns as Robert's sister-in-law, a war widow, and Flora Robson as Robert's sister who stands for Parliament and who believes that all Germans are alike. David Farrar as Robert and Mai Zetterling as Frieda also give moving portrayals, and so do many of the minor players. "Frieda" deserves applause for refusing to evade the arguments that one has heard again and again: "You can't take Germans individually." "Where were these so-called good Germans during the horrors at Belsen Concentration Camp?" Even Frieda's brother who comes to visit her after the war asks her what she ever did to stop the nazis. The plot gets rather melodramatic toward the end, but the finale of this moving and powerful film is on a thoughtful note: "You can't treat human beings as though they were less than human, without becoming unhuman yourself." "Frieda" is a courageous film and a must for thinking moviergoers.

For audiences who don't want to have to think, but prefer just to laugh, *"The Secret Life of Walter Mitty"* is the answer. Danny Kaye plays Walter, who dreams some of the most delightful dreams you could ever hope to see in a movie: and in every one of these sequences Walter is the big hero—the fast-shooting cowboy, the surgeon who steps in when other doctors fail, the RAF pilot whose war record is the envy of all British fliers, the riverboat gambler who tells off the villain and gets the girl, etc., etc. Probably the only moviegoers who will watch the "Mitty" film with a sour puss are those who belong to the Walter Mitty cult—and this group is large. It consists of devotees of the famed short story by James Thurber, devotees who hate to see one Thurber line changed. Alas, the scriptwriters have changed several lines, and have in fact even given Walter a real life that is almost as fantastic as his dream life. This is too bad, for this juggling of the plot detracts from the motivation in the original story and confuses its issues. These plot changes, however, do not ruin the picture, and you can still have at least one good laugh in every dream. Furthermore Producer Samuel Goldwyn has decorated his picture in handsome technicolor and surrounded Kaye with a good cast: Virginia Mayo, as the dream girl who steps into his real life, Fay Bainter as Walter's henpecking mamma, Ann Rutherford as his dollbaby fiancée who gets just what she deserves, Boris Karloff as the villain about whom Walter says "Nobody could look as much like you as you do." Danny says lots of other funny things and sings two ridiculously appropriate songs which are alone worth the price of admission. You may wish that "Mitty" was better Thurber, but you'll still have to admit it's good fun. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Home on the Range

VIRGILIA PETERSON

WE HAD left the great plains behind us. The road, pin-wheeling along the mountain-side, fringed a steep, rocky gorge. The cowboy driver, neither shifting gears nor using the brake on the decline, took one hand off the steering-wheel to run a pink comb through his waving hair. He had not spoken for a long time.

"I suppose you work on a ranch," I said, finally, fixing my eyes on the road.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"I don't see how you manage," I said. "How can you keep the herds together when you move?"

He did not answer. I stole a look at him. He was smiling.

"It's this way, Ma'am," he said then, patiently. "Cattle do what you want them to, if you just know how. They follow their leaders. We just keep steering them, driving them along. When we want to rest, we round them up and start whistling. We whistle and whistle—they like it, you know, it kind of calms them—and then they start going round in circles and finally they lie down and sleep."

Perhaps that cow-boy was pulling my leg. What he said may not be true about herding cattle. But the more I see of this country, the surer I am that he was voicing a national principle. Though it may not be applied to bulls and cows, it is being steadily put into effect with the men and women of this country by the rounders-up of public opinion.

Who are these arbiters of our taste and opinion? Unlike the cow-boys, they have no professional costume nor are they to be found in certain restricted regions of the land. You cannot recognize them off-hand. In fact, they are the gray eminences of our public life. You cannot be sure whether they sit in the towering offices of New York, or behind the exotic sets in Hollywood, or at the end of some long corridor in Washington. You cannot be sure, when you open a magazine, whether it is they who are responsible for the article on curing insanity with carrots; or the love story in which the pure Anglo-Saxon girl in the tight sweater is rescued from a foreign entanglement by the self-made native son; or the tract on the dangers of allowing Europe's displaced persons to come in here and overthrow the government. You cannot be sure—at night when you hear the soft voice on the radio helping you to understand Brahms by telling you his little human traits, urging you to see the latest gripping drama of Dickens, warning you to save money if you want the newest Buick, explaining that with the latest softener you need never have hands that show the scars of toil, and informing you that the American way of life is the only true democracy—that it is not the sing-song of a cow-boy rounding you up for sleep.

There exists in this country, undoubtedly, a more highly-organized lip-service to public opinion than anywhere else in the world. We have the polls to tabulate it, the statistics to record it, the agencies to cater to it, even the college courses to train young people in what has been elevated to a science of public relations. The American design for living—including everything from the contents of our ice-boxes to the training of our "boys"—has been planned to serve and palliate public opinion. In the movies the dreary impasses of which most lives are made up are given radiant solutions, so that the emotional catharsis of the public may be painless; great music is served up with pictures of mermaids with false eyelashes to tease the eye, relieve the pressure on the ear; books for adults are given jackets on which the display of a bare bosom is intended to soften the public's mind and help it over the rough field of mental effort, while books for children tell everything in pictures lest the poor things weary of the printed word; scandals are played up in the newspapers as though we were a nation of knights-errant hunting down injustice for justice's sake; God figures in our books as the founder of the advertising business; and while we are told that we alone have cornered the world market on desire for peace, we are also being shown to ourselves continuously as a nation of talented warriors who, however reluctantly, will always be masters of destruction. Ask anyone why the movies, the books, the radio, the newspapers, and all the paid voices on the air thus falsify, thus distort, and thus cajole. The answer is forever the same: the public wants it.

The irony of this conception lies in the fact that the mysterious rounders-up of American opinion do not themselves believe in what they tell us. Themselves, they know that life is not what the movies depict, that composers of symphonies left no word to indicate that they had mermaids in mind to fit their music, that jackets which stir sexual excitement have no place on books of serious intent, that for every uncovered scandal in the newspapers a million injustices lie buried, that the God we believe in died for the humble and for those in pain, and that so long as we go on fabricating atom bombs we have no right to pronounce the word peace as though we had invented it.

The gray eminences of American opinion know these things; they know the truth. But, tongue in cheek and fingers crossed, they continue to give the lie to their knowledge. They continue to lay false brick upon false brick in the jerry-built monument to public opinion. The amazing thing is that the monument still stands. For it is built upon nothing.

Who really knows what the public wants? Who can

THE MUSICAL HIT **OKLAHOMA!**
Evenings at 8:30—$4.80—$3.60, $3.00, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20
Matinee Thursday at 2:30—$3.00, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20
Matinee Saturday at 2:30—$3.60, $3.00, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20
Air Conditioned **ST. JAMES Thea.** 44th Street West of Broadway. Matinees Thursday and Saturday.

"A very funny play, brilliantly written, acted and staged." —Robert Garland, Journal-American.
MAX GORDON *Presents*
BORN YESTERDAY
The Hilarious Comedy Hit by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40 AIR-COND.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be so certain that it is cake for which they hunger, and not bread? Who can say that the one thing Americans will not accept is truth, when truth is so seldom offered?

This is a country, it is almost safe to say, where no cause is completely lost, where there exists for every principle some committee to uphold it, where every crackpot organization has its counterpart in common sense, where literally thousands of people make a living out of working for the common weal, and where the nation-wide network of clubs, forums, and discussion groups bespeaks a thirst for knowledge increasingly unsatisfied.

We are a people easily credulous, obviously eager to capture information and line the shelves of our collective mind with facts. We are a people with a passion for principles, if not to live by, at least to swear by. We are a people famous for restlessness. Who is to say that in the truth we might not find our rest?

But there seems to be no way to reach the unseen spiders weaving their lethal webs across the land. There is no way to prove to them that, having grown rich on rackets, they might not lose their power or their fortunes on the truth. Nor can a way be found to tell them that it is not the public which is being fooled so much as they themselves. They know so much. Yet they do not know their own delusion. They do not realize that what the public wants has never yet been told.

Here is a vicious circle. I am well aware, though at times it seems to be purely imaginary, that it is actually a hoop of steel. The mystery men give the public what they think it wants. The public wants what is given it, because that is all it can get. There are two ways to break the circle: either let our so-called leaders of opinion force the unprocessed truth into every sphere of national life until the public learns to accept and then demand it; or let the as yet unheard voice of America speak for itself.

Meanwhile, night after night falls on the darkling American range, and the cow-boys, tired themselves and feeling the weariness of their herds after the long day's drive, start whistling. They whistle and whistle, the herds grow quiet, and when they have moved round the circle for a time, they finally lie down and sleep.

Mira

JOHN F. SEYER

ONE STICKY Sunday morning I tubbed, dressed, and drove into Calcutta in order to have lunch at the Saturday Club. After lunch I did the impossible and the foolhardy: I went to the office and finished some work due Monday. As Mrs. Chatterjee was ill, and as I was well behind schedule, the work had to be done somehow, even though in all India work on Sunday is frowned upon, and not because of religious reasons. I left the office on Clive Street after tea and drove through deserted streets, past brick blast-walls erected as a precaution during the emergency period when the Japanese were in the Kohima area. The Bengalis made excellent use of the blast-walls, for no sooner were they erected than the Bengalis used them as urinals. (The harassed civil authorities secretly encouraged this, in all probability because it prevented the populace from urinating openly and indiscriminately on any and all Calcutta streets.) As I drove along, I sniffed the air, breathing in the reek of rotting garbage; I noticed that the sky was blackening. Rain was not far off. I drove as fast as I could, hoping to reach Baranagar before the skies opened up. Even Chittaranjan, the long street which had been cut out of the slums of the city, now lined with fine modern apartments, usually crowded with a noisy jostling populace, was empty. The coming storm had chased them away. A few cows, nosing rubbish in the streets, remained and seemed unconcerned with the rising wind that swept dust and garbage down the deserted streets. A few cars had already halted at the curb and the traffic was thinning out. I drove on and on, narrowly missing a loaded bus at the "pink temple," which lay astride the middle of Chittaranjan like a fat cow about to calve, and which neither the British nor the American Military Commands had been able to shift without facing the possibility of serious riots.

At the junction of Chittaranjan and Outer Circular Road, where the traffic converges from five directions in a mad, confused Indian scramble with everyone trying to beat the lights, I all but clipped a fat, dhotied Bengali armed with umbrella as he hastened to cross the street to jump a passing tram. Once on board the slowly moving tram, he adjusted his heavy horned-rim glasses and defiantly shaking his umbrella at me, shouted, "Quit India!" Busy with the onrushing traffic, I grinned back and drove on. Once out of downtown Calcutta, I was able to make better speed and careened along Barrackpore Road at a good clip, always with one eye on the road, the other on the blackening sky. I was fortunately a little ahead of the storm, and a good thing, I thought at the time. As my Lagonda was low-slung I was afraid of being stuck in the three or four feet of water that invariably covered Barrackpore Road after a monsoon storm. Thunder roared like the clashing of giant sheets of steel and lightning wrinkled across the sky. Rain began to fall by the time I neared the Willingdon Bridge Road, and very soon it came down in surging waves that made it almost impossible for me to see. I had to watch for hundreds of coolies who, because of bamboo mats over their heads, were unable to see; just ran across the road for shelter under large trees.

Just as I was about to turn off the main road I sighted the most amazing object furiously pedaling an eggbeater-like bicycle. I stopped the car and looked. As I could hardly see through the driving rain, I started again, following the bicycle, and got close enough to see what was on it. As I approached I could see a figure in a long white cloak with a waving sash and above a huge white topee which in the heavy rain looked more like an umbrella than a sun helmet. I was both amused and horrified to see a Catholic priest. I shouted, "Hey, Father, would you like a lift somewhere?" I should have known; no one else would be dressed that way, certainly no other European would be seen pedaling a bicycle in a monsoon storm. He was so busy peddling that he did not hear me. I sounded the klaxons. He looked surprised, waved a sort of blessing, and continued on. "Want a lift?" I again shouted. He slowed down and came to a halt. Once more I repeated, "Do you want a lift? Come out of the rain." I opened the car window

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the water streamed in, splashing the dashboard and the leather seats. "Where are you going? Hop in and I'll drive you wherever you wish to go." He looked at me and paused. "Thank you so much. That would be so very kind of you."

"Bring the bike around on the other side and put it on the running-board or what there is of it. You'll have to hang on to it." He scampered around with his long sash trailing in the muddy road. I opened the door. Shaking himself like a wet dog—the robe must have absorbed gallons of water—he climbed in and sat down with an obviously relieved air. "Thank you so much. It is so very kind of you to trouble yourself for me." He removed the wet topee, which disclosed a wrinkled, bald head encrusted with a ring of white hair. "I am trying to go to Hastings, you know."

"I'll drive you there. I can't imagine anyone going about on a bicycle on such a day as this."

"For thirty years," he mopped his sweaty brow, "I have been going around India on such a machine. You see, in Germany we did it all the time. In India an automobile, according to the Bishop, is a luxury. . . ."

"I see. Well, we'll try and make the bridge." As we approached the Willingdon Bridge, I noticed that the railway underpass was full of water and two cars were stranded there, blocking passage.

"Look, Father . . . ('Father François,' he interjected. 'Thank you,' I said.) . . . the road is blocked. I think we had better turn around. I tell you what—you come to my villa and have dinner with me. After dinner the rain should be over and the road clear again. There is no use your going on in this weather. Is that quite satisfactory "

"Thank you. That is so kind of you. Are you sure that it will not inconvenience you?" he asked, as at long last and much to my relief, he wiped the mist from his glasses. I noticed that he had blue-gray eyes which shone brilliantly in the half light of the storm.

"Not in the least. I shall on the contrary be delighted to have someone to talk to at dinner."

"Ah, that is so very kind of you," he said, and lapsed into silence.

By this time we had reached the little road that wound its way through the village of Baranagar. "Do you know this road, Father?"

"Ah yes, I know it very well. I will tell you something about it later."

We splashed and skidded our way through the muddy street while barefooted half-naked Indians carrying umbrellas gingerly lifted their dhoties up and stood to one side as we drove by. The market stalls were deserted save for a few victims seeking shelter from the storm and a number of cows devouring the rubbish left behind from yesterday's market. One huge Brahmin bull was luxuriously ensconced in the meat stall. We continued our hectic drive through streets of mud houses with iron grilled windows, out of which curious black eyes peered, and scrawny braceleted hands clutching earthenware jars dumped refuse into the water-filled streets. Sometimes shrieking, naked urchins ran from one doorway to another. At another point an old hag, whose torn breasts hung down below her waist, stood under the shelter of a thatched roof and made dung patties, which she carefully plastered on the walls of the house. Finally we reached the gates of the villa. I sharply sounded the klaxon and the great iron gates swung open. I drove in slowly, the two guards standing under their striped umbrellas saluted, and I returned the compliment. We wound through the gardens and halted at the main doorway where the two bearers Abdul Rahim and Abdul Kurahim stood awaiting my arrival.

"My, this is a wonderful place and so large. . . ."

"I am glad you like it. Rather looks like a packing-plant from the outside, but I assure you it is very comfortable inside. The gardens are beautiful. If the rain stops I'll show you round."

The bearers opened the two doors of the car. "Sahib, Sahib," the two Abduls chimed. "We thought you were caught in the storm," said Abdul Rahim.

"Yes, it was bad for a while. By the way, this is Father . . . ah Father François. Will you make him comfortable and find dry clothes for him." I gave further orders to the bearers as we walked through the great hall. "This is the drawing-room, Father François."

"My, and so large! Teakwood panels with black floors. Even a fireplace. So many books. It is very modern."

"Yes, it was completed in '39 just before the outbreak of the war. It is a sort of showplace. Out here," I said pointing, "is the covered terrace. You have a wonderful view of the Hoogli and the Hindu temples on the other side." Abdul came in to announce that the guest room was in readiness. "Would you care for a bath? How about a drink?"

The priest blinked his blue-gray eyes. "I think I would like a bath and a drink. A little whisky with water. That will keep away the dengue."

Upon hearing this, the two Abduls disappeared. Abdul Rahim returned a little while later with the drinks. "We'll have them out on the terrace," I said as I led Father François out. The rain was already lessening. A few violent squalls blew across the river but in the distance above the dome of the ancient temple to Shiva, patches of warm blue sky had appeared. Steam rose from the dank green lawns. We drank in silence. The priest seemed a little tired and bewildered. After the drink he excused himself and went to have a bath.

★

When I finished dressing, I returned to the terrace and found Father François already sitting there. He looked much smaller in baggy flannels and sportshirt. His lean and pointed face with hollow cheeks, his wrinkled bronzed forehead, made him look more like a Hindu pundit than a priest. The body seemed old and worn out but the eyes had a feverish life in them giving the impression that although his tired old body had long since died, it was his brain that kept him going. Perhaps it was his brain that drove the bicycle at such a furious pace. His hands were so long and thin, almost brittle. He invariably kept them folded together. There was, however, a feeling of peace and well-being which he seemed to radiate. Instead of feeling restless, bored, and lonely, as I invariably did when I sat by myself on the terrace trying to interest myself in a book or in doing some work—usually a hopeless task in the stifling heat—I felt completely at ease.

"Do you smoke at all, Father? Would you care for another drink? What time would you like to have dinner?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I do not smoke but I would like to have a little whisky and water as before. What time will we eat?"

I looked at my watch. It's about seven now, how about eight-thirty?"

"That will be fine. If I may use your telephone I would like to call the Bishop."

"Certainly. There's a phone on the bedside table. You may have some trouble as the line is not very clear." I showed him the telephone and returned to my chair. I could hear him patiently, like an Indian, repeating the instructions to the operator. After it was over he came out with a slight smile and sat opposite me.

"Have you been in India for a long time?" I asked—this was always the sign for more serious talk in India.

"In India? I have been here for forty years."

"Have you been back to Germany at all?"

"Yes twice. Once in 1910 and again in 1926. But now I do not wish to return. My work and my life are nearly finished. I wish to die here."

"Heaven forbid! You want to die here!"

"Yes und why not? To die is to die. In the eyes of God it does not make any difference where you die. You become a piece of dirt in India as well as in Germany. No, I like the place. I have been here for so long that I would rather die here. And so the old people in India will tell you that this wonderful land grows on you." Then he stared out at the temples.

"What order do you belong to?"

"I am a Jesuit."

"A Jesuit," I said, "the Jesuits have had a long history in India. Tell me, have you made much headway in the matter of conversions?"

"My friend that is a very complicated question. I would say yes and no." He put his whisky glass down on the table. A little color came into his wan thin face. He adjusted his glasses, folded his long thin hands and looked thoughtfully into the sky. He then looked down at the grass and the gardens. The rain had stopped and the usually muddy Hoogli had an almost unbelievable green tinge to it. What was left of the sun came out and huge ruddy clouds stacked layer upon layer filled the sky behind the two great Hindu temples on the other side of the river.

"Father, would you care to see the gardens before dinner? It would be nice to stretch our legs."

"Yes, that would be very nice, thank you so much."

I got up and led the way down the steps on to the enormous expanse of green velvety lawn that surrounded the house. Walking along the springy grass, already dry, I thought about the little priest beside me. Even German Jesuits succumb to the wiles of India. Of this much I was certain; the erudite Father François who still retained traces of his German accent, would be more at home with Mahatma Ghandi or with a Hindu Sadhu than with myself, a mere soldier-trader whose constant thoughts and actions were of this world. He interrupted my train of thought when he said, "And it is all so beautiful." He pointed to the rose beds.

"This is the tennis court."

"You do not use wires to keep in the balls. . . .

"No, we string up huge sheets of blue canvassing on the iron poles. This not only keeps in the balls but also keeps out some of the sun and most of the wind. It is quite a sight, I assure you. Shall we look at the river?"

We walked along the terrace and sat down near a grove of gardenias. The tide was low. Huge oxen were wallowing in the stinking mud. The current was flowing seawards but would soon change direction after the arrival of the tidal bore. The coolies who were aware of this watched over their precious oxen with great care. A few women were washing clothes in the muddy river while their naked children played in the water. Barges idled around in the current. Fishing craft manned with shrieking cargoes lay at anchor. Puffing great clouds of black smoke, the paddle-wheeled river boats, churned their way upstream lowering their long thin stacks as they approached the mile-long Willingdon Bridge. Most picturesque were the old tiered sailing craft with blue and gold striped sails and tens of oars with sinewous black coolies, rowing and rowing, chanting, "Upstream! Upstream!" as they made their way against the swift current. A trim naval launch raced downstream almost capsizing dozens of smaller craft while their operators cried out in terrified despair. For a moment our attention was arrested by the sound of a plane; a large flying boat soared down out of the sky like a giant bird spreading its wings, landed in the muddy waters, and glided across the water under the bridge and halted at the mooring pontoons. Even though it was Sunday afternoon, the Hoogli was full of life.

"It is quite a sight, isn't it, Father?" I said, as I took out a cigarette and lit it.

"And so you always have crowds of people. Crowds are almost synonymous with the land itself. Some time ago you have asked me if the Jesuits have done much in India. Yes, we have done a little. After all, we were here before the English and will remain here after the English have gone. But we could have done much more. The mistake is to be found in the fact that we Europeans look upon the Indians as a race of barbarians. They are far from barbarians." He furrowed his brow and gazed across the river. "The missionaries have done a great deal of harm, but they have also done some good." He stretched out his skinny legs and appeared to enjoy the lingering sun.

"My very kind friend, when you asked me coming through the village if I had been there before, I did not answer. You see, I had been there before." A train rumbled across the Willingdon Bridge. "Ah, I could have taken that train. . . . About ten years ago I was going through Baranagar on my bicycle. I had gone to make a visit. I remember it was so very hot, as always." As he spoke he kept peering in the direction of the Hindu temples, and did not even so much as move the whole time he spoke. "I was hot, I was tired. I had dysentery and my insides were all but falling out. I wished then that I had a car, but the Bishop was against it. He always said we must use nothing but a bicycle. I heard a horn tooting and tooting, and (presently), it approached me. A beautiful white Buick filled with elegant Englishmen and their wives who looked beautiful and so nice, threaded its way through a throng of miserable coolies. The white car with its turbaned drivers, nosed its way through the crowd and disappeared with the tooting fading in the distance. I thought to myself, my—how nice to be in the world. How nice it must be to have a car, to have money and ease. I envied the jute-wallahs and their lot. Oh yes, and with all their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

money they were hot. But still their money could buy the coolest places. I had qualms. Thirty years a priest in this strange land und what had I done! The white Buick disturbed me. It was the feeling of defeat that every man has once or twice in his life. He takes stock und wonders if he has succeeded. Most of us have failed und we look elsewhere for something new."

"But I did not think too long about this. As I have told you I was in a hurry to get home. And so, I went almost as fast as you saw me this afternoon. I got as far as the marketplace which is, as you know, always the busiest part of the bazaar. There was a crowd of yelling coolies in the corner. Some Brahmins came away shrieking, 'unclean, unclean!' And I remember one fat one who had trouble to walk. His fat body shook up and down like jelly und his dhotie looked as though it were about to fall down. He had one hand in front of his eyes and the other clutched a black umbrella. He looked like a blind pig running away from the market. The women tripped on their saris and dragged their children behind them."

As he said the word, "Children," I looked down at the river and to my horror, I saw a number of urchins splashing about in the water. They were having the time of their lives in the company of two rotting corpses. One of the boys would jump on the body causing it to belch out a stream of muddy water through a badly decomposed mouth. They would all giggle and then do the same thing over again. "Father, excuse me for interrupting your story. But just look." He looked and smiled slightly. He said: "Death is never far away in India—death and decaying life."

"I peddled on and reached the center of the howling mob out of which the caste people were scurrying in all directions to escape the odious sin of pollution. The caste system, as you well know, my kind friend, is the scourge of India." He looked down thoughtfully at his hands, stretching them out on his knees. "Caste was and is a form of color bar. And so, those Indians who cry out so bitterly about racial and color discrimination forget that they support the most terrible and rigid color bar in the world."

"I quite agree with you there," I replied. "But please go on with your story."

"Well, I approached the mob und saw that the coolies, the sweepers, and a flock of untouchables were stoning someone I could not see. I got off my bicycle und went closer. They were all armed with bamboo lathis and some had sharp pointed poles. What they were hitting and beating, I could not see. I heard a sobbing, a crying und a sorrowful wailing such as I have never heard. It was so frightening. It was as if I had been pierced in my heart with a sharp knife. The coolies and the others danced around yelling und clubbing the unfortunate victim at the bottom of the heap. . . .

"Ah Ah!" I exclaimed. "Did you hear that blast from the patrol steamer?" He looked round. "The tidal bore is here."

★

In the distance, the great wall of roaring water surged upstream sweeping aside everything that lay in front of it. With an ever increasing crescendo of rumbling water, the cries of a helpless humanity fleeing the riverbed and scurrying up the steps of the bathing ghats, the tide rushed on and on. Mothers shouted for the safety of their children; coolies clubbed the wallowing muddy oxen; fishermen scrambled about with ropes and nets; bargemen vainly attempted to stear the barges in the direction of the oncoming wall of black water. It came closer and closer. The river boats steadied. The sailing craft were held in check by hundreds of straining oarsmen. Swimmers dashed for the shore while hundreds of spectators lined both banks of the river and contemplated the struggles of those trying to escape doom with detached excitement. As it was sundown, the temple lights twinkled peacefully in the half-light and the temple bells tolled a soothing peaceful bronze sound along with the clashing of giant brass cymbals—all of which was drowned out in a giant shivering "uuuwhish" as the wall of water swept by, carrying along ships, sailing craft, and barges; upsetting countless others and carrying struggling oxen, and men. The waters rolled on, disappearing under the bridge, leaving behind a water-choked channel. The tide was running high. The sky was red. Bats flew across the river in the direction of the jungle; monkeys chattered happily in the trees that bordered the river. There was a struggle to right the capsized boats, and the fishermen searched for their nets while the big river steamers with paddle-wheels churning and tall stacks belching black smoke continued on their long journey into the jungles of Assam. The temple bells tolled on, the cymbals clashed, and the wailing to Allah from a nearby minaret, proclaimed the arrival of evening. The crowds that lined the banks of the river had gone. The show was over. The calm was disturbed only by the gurgling waters of the still-running tide.

★

Father François sat with his hands on his knees. His blue eyes were feverishly staring into the distance. Suddenly he spoke. "The tide, it was so very destructive tonight."

"Worse than usual." I added. "Father it is getting dark. Shall we return to the house and have a few drinks before dinner?" I stood up. "Then I would like to hear the rest of your story."

He nodded approval and we wandered back to the house. Neither of us spoke. The sight of the tide had been exhausting. Abdul saw us coming. A few minutes later, he reappeared with a trayload of drinks. We sat down again in the comfortable chairs. Father François took a little water with his drop of whisky while I had the usual gin-lime. A huge round smiling Indian moon peered out of the East casting its beams in between two stately palm trees. It was still. Stars filled the sky and lights studded the river banks.

Father François removed his glasses. "As always, it is so calm. Is it not a place of great contrasts?"

"Yes, things always seem to be inexorably opposed here. There is day and night, rich and poor, sun and storm, and even joy and always sorrow—much more sorrow than joy, I might add. There seems to be nothing in between. It is all so strange. . . . Please go on with your story."

"All that I could see at the bottom of the pile was a bloody head. And so I went a little closer and spoke in Bengali. What had happened? Why were they doing such unspeakable things? No one answered me. Sud-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

denly they drew back. A little girl, hardly six or seven, stood up dazed and looked around und then screamed. One stupid coolie had hit her on the head with a brick und blood ran out of her badly wounded head. Then they all shouted, 'Be off, be gone, unclean, unclean!' The women clutching their frightened children, shouted und echoed what the men were saying. They all chorused, 'Be off, be gone, unclean, unclean!' And so with a rising cry of unclean, unclean, the sobbing child, unable to run, stumbled along with a shower of lathis and bricks behind her. As she limped along, I suddenly realized why even the untouchables, the downtrodden outcasts of India who complained so bitterly of their state, were so bestial in the treatment of this child. The child was a leper. Part of her right arm had disappeared and her legs were distorted with ugly sores."

"What did you do?" I asked and wondered in my own heart if I would have had the courage to do anything but run away if in a similar situation.

"I did not know what to do. My first thought was to run away. Was I to save the child and catch leprosy? Be an outcast, an untouchable, the rest of my life? Die of this terrible disease that was a kind of open tuberculosis? All these thoughts raced through my head. It was like facing a sea of fire through which one had to pass through. What was I to do? Was I not a man of God?"

"Trembling, I ran for my bicycle. I mounted it and so I followed her. As she was chased down the village street—I can still see and smell the rubbish that filled it—others joined in. Shrieking women ran out of their houses and jeered at the child. One small ugly-faced villager was about to throw a pile of dung cakes at the fleeing child but his angry wife who had spent the whole day making them, clubbed him with a brass pot. He tore a brick out of the wall of his crumbling house and flung it into the crowd. Some cows devouring rubbish stood in the middle of the street undisturbed by the tumult of the angry mob. Instead of moving aside, they, the most honored subjects of the Indian realm, refused to budge. The child knew she would be safe among them, ran in between them and remained there. The crowd screamed for her to come out. One angry Brahmin termed it blasphemous, sacriligious, that this unclean one should take sanctuary among the most holy cows."

"I then got off my bicycle und with the mob of surprised villagers watching me, seized the child from the middle of the cows und carried her to my bicycle. I told her to get on my back and she did. I got on my bicycle and balanced myself and cried out, ordering them to clear a path for me which they did. And so surprised were they, that they did not throw a stone or anything. As I rode by even the Brahmins forgot to cover their eyes. We rode away unharmed. In due course, the child—we called her Mira—was sent to a leper colony."

★

"What became of Mira?"

"I was afraid that you would ask that. At the start of the war, I had to visit the Leper Colony," he paused rubbing his eyes which for the first time were pale and lifeless. "When I got there, among other things I did, I inquired about Mira. She had improved. She had been happy; she had grown worse; she had died. When she died, the colony mourned her passing." Suddenly he stopped speaking. Sweat was pouring out of his forehead. His hands trembled slightly. I became a little worried and thought that he had caught fever as a result of his soaking in the rain.

"Do you mind if I have just a little more whisky?"

"By all means go ahead."

"It is so very kind of you to listen to me."

"Not at all, I find it most interesting," I replied, reassuringly. "Father?" I did not know whether or not I should ask this question. "Why did you go to the Leper Colony? Were you uh . . . .

"Do you mean was I myself infected? No, never. That was the irony of it all."

"What do you mean by the irony of it all?"

"I went to the Leper Colony not to see Mira but the doctor who treated her before she went there. The doctor realized that he had contracted leprosy a month before he was to return to Germany to retire after thirty years' service in the tropics." He put his drink down and looked grief-stricken. "And I was the one who saved the child from the mob!"

"Who was the man, Father?"

"The doctor was my brother."

Books of the Week

William Allen White's America. Walter Johnson. Holt. $5.00.

WHEN William Allen White died at his hometown, Emporia, Kansas, Jan. 26, 1944, twelve days before his seventy-sixth birthday, he was one of the world's best known public figures. For over fifty years an editor and publisher of a smalltown newspaper, he was a world figure. Quoted widely, his letters and other papers ran to more than 200,000. Walter Johnson, Department of History of the University of Chicago, has drawn upon them for this biography. His treatment is sympathetic.

The New York *Times* saw White's neighbors as spread all along a Main Street that ran from sea to sea, although the town Emporia itself, half-way between two other small towns, boasted fewer than 15,000, with a single railroad station, two colleges, two principal business streets and the several grain elevators that were symbolic of its daily bread.

Among his many eulogies which came from high and low, the opinion of Harold Laski, English scholar who viewed the scene from London is among the clearest. Mr. Laski saw the country editor as one who was a part of that America "of which the supreme representatives were Jefferson and Lincoln; the America which is concerned first of all with the ordinary people and their lot in life; the America which is simple, kindly and proud to think that an humble man can there become a significant man. . . . White was a noble representative of the average American at his best."

William Allen White was a native of Emporia, the son of Dr. Allen White, a frontier doctor who offered to his public in 1871, "Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Paints, Oils, Window Glass, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Books, Stationery, Pure Liquors, etc." The White ancestral history reached from Old England to Massachusetts and Ohio, where Will's father, Allen White, was born in 1819.

The State of Kansas in the mind of Will Allen White,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was the product of New England Christian Puritans. Investigation showed otherwise, but the reformist zeal of Kansas kept before White the picture of New England crusaders.

The biographer observes the intolerance of Kansas, whose people Will Allen White saw as deeply religious, and committed to a codified morality with no patience for the vagaries of protesting minorities. It seems that the young White grew up with a share of his mother's bleakness and his father's opportunism. If there was idealism, it probably came largely from the mother, who was quick-witted, quick-tempered and volatile, and in her youth, something of an abolitionist.

After the death of his father in 1882, the author records, Will White lost all traces of kinship with his father's Democratic Party, for thereafter, "his mother's 'black' Republicanism filled his mind." The decision to stay Republican came with the makeup of the area. Thousands upon thousands of Union Army veterans settled in Kansas to control the rural areas, for "wasn't the Democratic Party in control of the sinful cities and recent immigrant groups?" It was not long, then, before Will White "accepted, as his mother and millions of Americans already had, the belief that the Republican Party was the party of God."

In Will Allen White's youth, Kansas and the rest of the nation were in a state of political ferment, and the biographer reminds us that nineteenth-century towns in Kansas and elsewhere, were altered by the industrial revolution. "Self-sufficiency gave way to interdependence," as technical changes altered the appearance of small-town America. Less than ten years after his father's death, Will saw the town of El Dorado where the family then resided, busy installing a water system and telephones, and voting a bond issue for electric lights.

Almost every high school student now knows that the Civil War split America, not only the churches and the political government, but the farmers. When the split was completed, the biographer points out, the industrial forces of the East gained control of politics. As expressions of rebellion, men formed such parties as the Anti-monopoly, Independent, Labor, Reform and Greenback. But Will Allen White, except for his romantic venture with the Theodore Roosevelt's Bull Moose party, shied away from small parties, altogether.

William Allen White was no political idealist, any more than he was an idealist in the business of journalism. He believed in moral standards, and he came eventually to fight the big advertisers who wanted "to develop habits" for their wares, even if telling lies were to turn the trick.

White fell into an almost boy-like worship of Governor Theodore Roosevelt, who was but ten years older than himself. Otherwise, White's politics were practical. With no love for Warren G. Harding, he went along.

"I was torn, as I often am in politics, between the desire to jump in the fiery furnance as a martyr, and the instinct to save my hide and go along on the broad way that leadeth to destruction. In the end I toddled along."

The fiery editor disliked President-elect William McKinley who gave the then young editor an icy brush-off. White had no space in his heart for Mark Hanna whom he accused of having "a cash-register conscience." Yet, there was no place in his heart for the Populists nor for William Jennings Bryan. But of Roosevelt, the biographer writes:

"White was tremendously impressed with this man Roosevelt, just ten years older than himself. They were to be on intimate terms for a lifetime, and White never really recovered from the impact of Theodore Roosevelt on his own personality."

William Allen White had declared in 1936 that Roosevelt seemed as near perfect as any man he had ever known. "He was not perfect, not more than 85 percent, with a slight discount off for that, but most of them don't run over 30."

The two men, according to the biographer, "had natural attractions for each other," including "a flair for publicity and love for the glamor of the spotlight." On the other hand, "they both were superficial thinkers, but, at the same time, they were "charming human beings," and they both enjoyed a fight and loved to wrangle with their opponents. The biographer indeed sees White as "the Theodore Roosevelt of American literature."

Of course there were others who did not see Theodore Roosevelt as a man on horseback, even if their faith was placed in the Bull Moose party. The biographer notes also, that the Progressive convention in 1912 was hardly dominated by radicals. Albert Beveridge opened the sessions with the assurance that no "wild-eyed" radical would run the show. In 1932, William Allen White reflected that the whole notion of Beveridge as a liberal, was a creation of his own mind.

Supporters of Robert M. LaFollette, Sr., held that White was all wrong on Theodore Roosevelt, even, that he was no true progressive, etc., and accused White of "pure emotionalism" in supporting Teddy. White went on through the years, however, always hoping to wrest the Republican Party from the control of the money boys.

Will Allen White was loyal to his first love in politics, the Republican Party. He praised Woodrow Wilson for his vision against his worst critics, but he saw him as hard-headed. "The devil gave him an imperious heart," along with his vision, White wrote when Wilson died.

White was a "progressive" to the end, but local pressures and a measure of State pride put him in the camp of Governor Alfred Landon in 1936, in spite of the rush of William Randolph Hearst to get on the Landon bandwagon. The same year, following a two-hour press conference at the White House, he did not see the defeat of Roosevelt unless he did it himself by some slip. But he feared that Roosevelt would turn tyrant. White wrote Ray Lyman Wilbur on May 11, 1936:

"I fear he [Roosevelt] has the unconscious arrogance of conscious wealth, and that he will develop all the faults of . . . the Legion and the Liberty Leaguers in stifling free speech and its attendant rights by social and economic pressure, and at the same time I firmly believe he will curtail far beyond the need of curtailment the right of the individual to whatever honest return and emolument a citizen's qualities entitle him."

From this time on, to be a conservative liberal was tough. William Allen White opposed President Franklin D. Roosevelt's plan to "liberalize" the Supreme Court. On the other hand, he sought to reform the Republican Party, and advised a move "to the left." He would scuttle reactionaries like John Hamilton, and proposed as "the Republican's Modern Lincoln," Fiorella LaGuardia, then Mayor of New York City.

The Kansas gubernatorial campaign of 1942 was the last poltical campaign for Will Allen White. He de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clared for a cleaning out of "doddering old septuagenarians" who were holding third, fourth, fifth and seventh terms in the Kansas Legislature.

The political successes of Hamilton Fish in Dutchess County, New York, and "Pappy" O'Daniel in Texas caused him to despair that "perhaps this world war and another and another will be required to get the truth to Dutchess County and rural Texas."

A crowd of eighteen hundred persons attended the services at the grave in Maplewood Cemetery, Emporia, where the editor's body was placed beside that of his daughter. His mourners were his hometown friends. Is he the last of the independent, smalltown editors the whole world can read? GEORGE STREATOR.

The Pharisees and Other Essays. Leo Baeck. Schocken Books. $3.00.

THIS IS a collection of studies of comparative religion and culture by a celebrated spokesman of European Jewry. It considers a wide variety of subjects, including Pharisaism, Jewish mysticism, Greek and Jewish preaching, and the influence of Judaism on Christianity.

The work as a whole is brilliantly and persuasively written, but one must call attention to the implications of certain ideas. If there is one lesson which the experience of our generation has underscored, it would seem to be the danger inherent in any program of separatism. Yet the title essay constitutes an apology for an historic program of this kind. Here we find the Pharisees praised for their "consciousness of being different and of belonging together in and through their religion." We read further that their sense of community rested upon a feeling that "the land was their land, its soil was holy in their eyes, and they wanted to make it a realm of purity, of 'separateness.'" This sounds oddly akin to some contemporary doctrines which have been censured for advancing the principle of exclusiveness. The author's argument that such voluntary isolation was a means toward universalism and a connection with humanity on a higher plane is seductive rather than solid and convincing.

Perhaps the most interesting essay of the group is "Two World Views Compared." In this the author employs a contrast of the predominantly esthetic world view of Hellenism with the predominantly ethical, activistic world view of Judaism to reveal his opposition to the idea of stasis in theological conception. The Greek ideal, he says, was something consummated and static; the Jewish ideal is creative. He gives large credit for the undermining of the Middle Ages, in which "statics . . . gave place to dynamics and the consummated work of art to the function," to the philosophy of the Old Testament. The author is too complacent, it seems to me, in passing from this to an assertion of the superiority of the Hebraic deity as a living god who "creates in order to continue to create." This concept encounters on one level insuperable metaphysical difficulties. On another, through its doctrine of the endlessness of becoming, it would leave us in the morass of Dewey's instrumentalism. In fact, the author affirms in his concluding essay that Judaism, because of its undogmatic character "can never be refuted —one can only live opposed to it."

Generally speaking, his position confronts us with all the dilemmas of "progressive" religion. It can be seen that Jewish liberalism, of which the author is a well-known exponent, does not differ materially from other forms of religious liberalism.

Baeck was a leading rabbi of Berlin. During the years of Hitler's ascendency he served as president of a council created to represent German Jewry. In 1943 at the age of seventy he was sent to Theresienstadt concentration camp, where despite conditions he was able to organize study groups and continue his life work as teacher.

RICHARD M. WEAVER.

Revolution Before Breakfast. Ruth and Leonard Greenup. Chapel Hill. $4.00.

IT IS TOO bad that the authors have yielded to the "prodding" of their friends cited on the book jacket and sought to give a picture of "what makes the people tick" in Argentina. For their on-the-scene, play-by-play description of Perón's rise to power is good reporting. The Greenups should have stuck to politics; their general observations are often revealingly superficial.

Perhaps it helps create authentic atmosphere to repeat constantly such terms as *bife* (steak), senora, puchero (stew), cocinera (cook) as Mr. and Mrs. Greenup delight to do in rather childish fashion. But I suspect that the two are under the unfortunate illusion that the continual use of local terms can take the place of insights which are beyond them and most United States visitors. It hardly does the job to relate such surface manifestations as housewives' shopping conditions, the names of newspapers, Argentine movie houses, abundance and variety of foods, the quaint Latin custom of keeping a mistress and the money book publishers make in Buenos Aires.

Why was joy so widespread when Paris was liberated? Why have the Argentinians such love for Paris and the French, and which French ideas have the greatest currency? Do the people ordinarily bestir themselves or

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

For the Convenience of New Subscribers

THE COMMONWEAL

386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

For the enclosed $1 send the next 12 issues of THE COMMONWEAL to

.....

.....

..... 829

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have they the Latin-American social if not physical ambition to get a white collar job at any cost? In what does the vaunted pride of the Argentinian consist? To what extent have Catholic traditions permeated the city and the countryside? There are many other unanswered questions about the human material which the grandiose Perón has to work with, many leading features of the Argentine physiognomy which remain obscured.

There can be no justified quarrel with the authors' main political intentions: the overweening ambitions of Perón, his subjugation of that nation's schools and universities, his stringent limitations on freedom of the press, the effectiveness of his storm troopers and all the rest. Nor is the data on the peroxide, Evita Duarte de Perón, any more reassuring. Containing Argentina calls for a bit of tact, but otherwise it should not prove too difficult. We all know the sort of man with whom we are dealing.

EDWARD S. SKILLIN.

The Age of Anxiety. W. H. Auden. Random. $2.50.

ALLITERATIVE verse is a strict verse form and not the practise of occasionally or habitually using repeated consonant or vowel sounds for pleasant, poetic or practical purposes—as in Swinburne, as in advertising. At the end of the twelfth centnry in Germany, by the end of the fifteenth in England, the form fell into disuse when poets found that other combinations of sounds were available to their growing ingenuity, more agreeable or persuasive to the sensitive ear. At first, as the tedious books about the dawn of civilization always remind us, at first there was the drum.

Yet, whether buried deep in disregard or enshrined in museums, nothing of the past is safe from the research of the artist in this age of anxiety. Indeed this possession of the past is legitimate and necessary since if you live in the present as if there were no past you make a very thin sound when you speak. The past lights the present which cannot be seen by itself. The past exists to inform us. Everything depends on how we make use of it.

Thus Picasso dug up African sculpture and used it properly for his contemporary purposes; he used the instrument of the past to experiment in the present. But there is another way of profiting from the past; it is an improper way. Dali is always robbing the graves of the great dead painters and exposes them, all flung together, incongruously and profaned, nude on his canvas beneath the brilliant varnish, Goya, Greco, Leonardo, the Dutch and the French. Now Auden parades "Piers Plowman."

"The Age of Anxiety" never misses an alliteration, from its title, its dreadfully discordant subtitle, "A Baroque Eclogue," to its last lines—which happen to be majestic and very beautiful. Relief is provided by the form itself, which excludes rhyme, and by prose stage directions in Auden's quiet clear diction which announce and explain the several sections and provide a most needed—but to me insufficient—guide to the action. It is said that in "Piers Plowman," also, there are difficulties.

Three men, Malin, a Canadian medical officer serving with Air Force Intelligence; Quant, clerk in a New York shipping office, widower and failure; Emble, a young college student who has enlisted in the Navy; together with Rosetta, buyer for a big department store, meet in a Third Avenue bar. (In current writing the bars are always on Third Avenue.) They start talking to each other; they make a night of it. At a late hour they leave the bar and go to Rosetta's apartment where Emble passes

FIRST APPEARANCE
ON THE LECTURE PLATFORMS
OF AMERICA

J. L. BENVENISTI

Lecturer, Author, Feature Writer

INTERNATIONALLY RECOGNIZED AUTHORITY
on Political Science and Finance

"He has made us his debtors by reason of his clear, fresh and objective analysis both of the situation in which Britain finds itself and the relations which exist between his country and our own. I have every reason to believe that Mr. Benvenisti's (American) audiences will profit greatly by association with him."—*George N. Shuster,* President, Hunter College.

Five Subjects, Skillfully Balanced and Painstakingly Prepared

BRITAIN'S NEW DEAL
BRITAIN'S LABOR MOVEMENT
BRITAIN AND WESTERN EUROPE
BRITAIN AND THE JEWS
MUST WE HAVE ANOTHER WAR?

General Itinerary

NEW ENGLAND, NEW YORK AREA, PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO, MIDDLE WEST AND WEST
MID-OCTOBER TO EASTER

FOR AVAILABLE DATES WIRE OR WRITE:

ALMA SAVAGE LECTURE SERVICE
37 Madison Avenue New York 10, N. Y.

TODAY

CATHOLIC STUDENT MAGAZINE

doubled its circulation last year

Because . . .

as Father John Banahan said: "It is more than an interesting, well-written journal, it is stimulating. And if there is anything our Catholic students need, it is an intellectual stimulant. Our system of Catholic education seems to turn out fine politicians but very few statesmen, diplomatic lawyers but few creative ones, good authors and artists but little Catholic art and few Catholic books. Perhaps TODAY will be the catalyst to change mechanics to artists, to change our Christian students to Catholic ones . . . "

TODAY

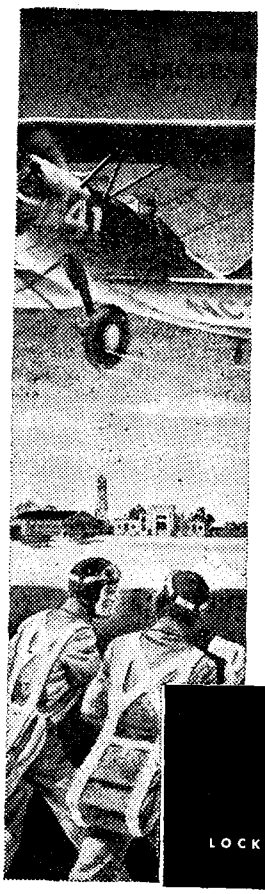
☆ Twice a month during the school year.

- Individual subscription, $2.00
- In bundles of 10 or more, $1.40
- Bundle order (10 or more) on an issue-to-issue basis, 9c each

TODAY

638 Deming Place Chicago 14, Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE Lewis College of Science and Technology is the only Catholic resident junior college in the United States, where students may elect flight training as a regular part of their college program of studies, with three semester hour credits offered for this subject.

College Credit Courses
BASIC SCIENCE • LIBERAL ARTS
ENGINEERING • BIOLOGY
CHEMISTRY

Terminal Courses
AVIATION MAINTENANCE
ELECTRONICS

Flight Courses
PRIVATE PILOT
COMMERCIAL PILOT
INSTRUMENT RATING
INSTRUCTORS RATING
HELICOPTER RATING
Write for 1947-48 Bulletin

LEWIS
COLLEGE
LOCKPORT, ILLINOIS

COLLEGE OF ST. THOMAS
ST. PAUL, MINN.

A LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE

which prepares its students for business or the professions. Exceptionally strong faculty. Fully accredited. Courses leading to B.A. or B.S. Degrees. Conducted by priests of the Archdiocese of St. Paul, assisted by lay Professors.

Address Very Rev. Vincent J. Flynn, President, Box K
COLLEGE OF ST. THOMAS
St. Paul 1, Minn.

ABBEY SCHOOL

A Catholic college preparatory for young men. Conducted by Catholic laymen. Grades VII-XII. Fully accredited. Small classes. Individual guidance.

AUSTIN L. WHITTEY, M. A.
Headmaster
Simsbury, Connecticut

out—so that even the possible conjunction of youth with youth does not take place. Malin and Quant go home to their separate loneliness; Rosetta remains to watch over Emble and they are both separate and alone.

That is the action that the prose passages indicate but the journey of these four through the night is a journey through the ages of mankind, through English landscape, through their dreams, their misery, their endless anxiety, their relationship to God, their innocence, their lost innocence. Since it is Mr. Auden who makes them speak, they joke, they explain, they pass from the didactic to the lyric to the dirge. Their journey, on this plane, is a little difficult to follow.

At the beginning I found everything hard to follow because of a most unfortunate and grotesque association of ideas which came to me with the very first pages and which I found difficult to dismiss. Do you remember Mr. Arbuthnot, Frank Sullivan's "Cliché Expert" in the *New Yorker*? He would be given the first half of a phrase and then, without a second's hesitation, would provide the proper cliché to complete it. Well, here is Malin in a moving passage about wartime flying. You are carried along through the alliterative line and then, at the end of the line, the word that is not alliterated brings you to a pause. That pause seemed eternal. There was a break between the end of the line and the beginning of the next, and there I was, waiting for Sullivan's Mr. Arbuthnot to complete the sense. "Fierce interferers. We fought them off" a line ended, and there I was waiting until Mr. A. came in with heavy certainty and furnished "But paid a price." Another line ended "we watched others"—then the horrid pause, and Mr. A. furnishing "Drop into death." The line ended "At twenty to eight I" then the pause, and, in great form this time, Mr. Arbuthnot made it a double with "Stepped onto grass, still with the living."

I am unhappy to mention this incident but I have to say what occurred because I am certain it was provoked by a danger inherent in the form. I was afraid I could not overcome this nervous expectancy; Mr. Auden cured me. He forced me, as he will most readers, to submit to his formal experiment, his rhythm and alliteration because, quite soon, it became obvious that I was reading a poem of deeply varied interest and beauty. "The Age of Anxiety" is not the work of a man playing with an archaic form and depending for effect on the contrast between the barroom and the pastoral, the formal language and the contemporary characters. This is a noble poem—its thought is wise, charitable, extraordinarily varied. It is hard, at a first reading, to correlate the dark, the bright fragments. As in life, each moment in this poem is clear, or, as in life, confused. As in life, it is the prosaic one can summarize, the event, the statement as a statement; but the poetic, or the spiritual, never.

C. G. PAULDING.

CONTRIBUTORS

Thomas MERTON is the author of "Man in the Divided Sea," and is a member of the Trappist Community at Gethsemani, Ky.

Etienne GILSON is the great French philosopher and member of the French Academy.

Virgilia PETERSON reviews books regularly for the New York *Herald Tribune* Book Section.

John F. SEYER the author of this week's story writes from a personal experience of India. He lives in New York.

George STREATOR works for the New York *Times* as a reporter.

Richard M. WEAVER lives in Chicago.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Educational Directory

COLLEGES—WOMEN—CONNECTICUT

ALBERTUS MAGNUS COLLEGE

New Haven, Conn. Founded and directed by the Dominican Sisters of St. Mary of the Springs. Resident and non-resident students. Liberal Arts, Pre-Medicine, Pre-Law and Teacher Training courses lead to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts. Fully accredited, including accreditment by the American Medical Association. Ninety minutes from Grand Central Station, New York. Address the Registrar.

NEW YORK

COLLEGE OF MT. ST. VINCENT

Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York 63, N. Y. Conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Offers A.B. and B.S. Degrees, Liberal Arts, Nursing, Commerce Education, Pedagogy. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Campus bordering Hudson River. One-half hour from Grand Central, New York City. Write for Bulletin L.

PENNSYLVANIA

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa. A Catholic College for Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Situated on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Eleven miles from Philadelphia. Address the Registrar for information. Telephone Bryn Mawr 4514.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore, Maryland. An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages. For information address the Registrar.

MINNESOTA

COLLEGE OF SAINT TERESA

Wino..a, Minnesota. For the Higher Education of Catholic Women. Holds membership in the North Central Association of Colleges. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Registered for Teacher's License by New York Board of Regents. Degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Science in Nursing. A standardized Conservatory of Music is maintained in connection with the college. Picturesquely located on the upper Mississippi. One hundred acre campus. Served by the "Zephyr," "Hiawatha," "The 400."

ILLINOIS

ROSARY COLLEGE

River Forest, Illinois. Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin. Approved by the Association of American Universities. Liberal Arts, Home Economics, Library Science. Library School accredited by American Library Association.

INDIANA

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE NOTRE DAME

Holy Cross, Indiana. Conducted by Sisters of the Holy Cross. Fully accredited Liberal Arts College for Women. Courses leading to degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Music, Bachelor of Science. Academic and professional courses in Nursing. Graduate Department of Sacred Theology. Address: Box 71, Saint Mary's College, Holy Cross, Ind. Railroad station, South Bend, Ind.

ACADEMY—GIRLS

ACADEMY OF MOUNT SAINT VINCENT

Tuxedo Park, N. Y. Founded 1847. Chartered by the Regents. Accredited by the Middle States Association. Country School for Girls. Beautifully located among the Ramapo Hills. College Preparatory and General Courses. Art, Music, Dramatics, Home Economics, Athletics, including all sports. Send for illustrated Catalog C. Phone Tuxedo 230.

PREP SCHOOLS—RHODE ISLAND

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL

Portsmouth, Rhode Island, 23 miles from Providence, 8 miles from Newport. Conducted by American Monks of the English Benedictine Congregation, assisted by Lay Masters. Curriculum based on 14 centuries of Benedictine educational tradition, prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Six forms, comprising 7th and 8th grades and four years of high school. Standard Preparatory Course. Added opportunities in Mathematics and Physics. College Board Examination.

OHIO

GILMOUR ACADEMY

Gates Mills (Cleveland), Ohio. A Resident Preparatory School for Boys. Conducted by The Brothers of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind. Situated in the picturesque Chagrin Valley in suburban Cleveland, enjoying the facilities afforded by the city's libraries, galleries and museums. Distinctive rural-home atmosphere. 133 acre campus. Educational, cultural, and physical training programs. Fully accredited four year college preparatory course will be offered. Classes limited to 15 students. Brother Theophane Schmitt, C.S.C., Headmaster.

BUYERS DIRECTORY

★ Rate for your message, 60c a line. Three lines minimum space. Discounts: 5% for 13 times, 15% for 52 times.

BOOKS

★ Books: Used, Old, Rare.
For Librarians, Collectors, Readers.
Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced.
Catalogs Free. Browsers Invited.
Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased.
DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC.
66 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

HOTEL

★ COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL
Maurice T. Lawler, *General Manager*
Boston 16, Mass.
2 minutes from Back Bay R. R. Station

LANGUAGES

★ Dictionaries and Grammars for 115 Languages. *Catalog free.* SCHOENHOF'S, Dept. CW, Harvard Square, Cambridge 38, Mass.

BOOK MARKS AND HOLY CARDS

★ Sayings of Saints, Doctors of the Church and Modern Catholic Authors on attractive bookmarks and holy cards. 25 different samples 35c. BERLINER & LANIGAN, Nevada City, California.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HONESTY BEST POLICY, PERHAPS

anyhow so we have always been told. So in giving you the following superb quote from the ***New York Times Book Review*** on **HORACE by Alfred Noyes** ($3.50), we bravely add that it was followed, not only by more praise, but a couple of kicks as well:

> "With this book the publishers inaugurate their Great Writers of the World series. They could hardly have made a happier choice . . . Mr. Noyes is an ***anima naturaliter Horatiana***: he is completely at home with his material, and in his handling of it he displays the same stylistic qualities—neatness of phrasing, controlled irony, humanity—that characterize the poet with whom he is concerned."

The second volume in this series, **BOCCACCIO, by Francis MacManus** ($3.50), appears here on September 10th. The English edition has just been reviewed by Charles Morgan in the London ***Times Literary Supplement***—a review which gives us quite another problem. It couldn't be more favorable, but it is almost impossible to quote from. When you see the whole review in our next ***Trumpet*** you will sympathize with us. In the meantime the following extract is the best we can do:

> "It has the advantage of leaving behind it in the reader a sense of having proceeded beyond explanation at least a step or two into the intimacy of knowledge. . . . He is altogether right in seeing Boccaccio always as a man entitled to be regarded in the perspective created by those great figures (Dante and Petrarch) for it is only by regarding him in this way that we can 'get the feel' of him and see him perhaps even across six centuries a little as he saw himself. There is good reason to be grateful for a biography that makes this possible."

Also to be published in September is a book by **Georges Bernanos** with the pleasing title **SANCTITY WILL OUT** ($1.50). Because the Church is the Church of God, he says, you can't keep a good saint down, sooner or later she will reach the altar. He illustrates this with the case of St. Joan as being the most extreme possible, and also we suspect, because he likes her so much. **THE COMFORTING OF CHRIST, by Caryll Houselander** ($2.50), is not a new book, but an enlarged and rewritten version of **THIS WAR IS THE PASSION.** It seemed a pity to let such a good book die just because we are having a little peace at present. **THE MANIFOLD MASS AND THE INVISIBLE CHILD, by C. C. Martindale, S.J.** ($1.50), is two little books in one, hence the complicated title. The first is a play about what happens in heaven when Mass is celebrated on earth, the second a series of episodes in which the boy Christ intervenes in the affairs of men. Both are the sort of thing hardly anyone except Father Martindale can do without making you wish he hadn't bothered.

PARADOX IN CHESTERTON ($2.00), **by Hugh Kenner** (a new Canadian author who studied under Maritain and Gilson at the Institute of Mediaeval Studies in Toronto), sorts out the various kinds of paradox, and shows that Chesterton's use of it, far from being an author's trick, was inevitable if he was to say what he wanted to. It was about time. . . .

If you have been searching for them you will be glad to know that **A MONUMENT TO ST. AUGUSTINE, edited by M. C. D'Arcy, S.J.,** and **GOD AND MAMMON, by Mauriac,** are back in print. **F. J. Sheed's THEOLOGY AND SANITY** ($3.00) is still our best seller, with **PARDON AND PEACE** ($2.50), **by Alfred Wilson, C.P.,** and **A SKETCH OF MEDIAEVAL PHILOSOPHY** ($2.00), **by D. J. B. Hawkins,** hard on its heels.

Order from your bookstore or from us, but either way PLEASE don't enclose cash. It is disappointing for us both when it fails to arrive.

SHEED & WARD

63 Fifth Avenue **New York 3**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED